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For The Pocahontas Times

The Treasure Trove.

IX

MRS CASEY remembered Harvey perfectly. He had called at her house the day he had been separated from Weston's father. She was the first one to give him news of what had happened. Her husband was a Southern sympathizer, tho' he was too old for active services. Besides he was a physician and it was absolutely necessary that he should stay at home and attend to his practice. At the time we speak of, a raid had been made into that neighborhood and several regiments of Union troops occupied a strong position on the turnpike, prepared to check the advance of any Confederate troops who might use that road. With such a force of troops present, the home guards disbanded, and went into hiding.

To fully understand the situation of the country, the reader must remember that in West Virginia, especially in the central sections, the people were divided against themselves. There were no courts and no law. The rule was very much like Rob Roy's, that those might take who had the power, and those might keep who could. It was still Virginia, and the section around Prattville, the majority of citizens sided with the South. The men who stayed at home were in a state of excitement and the worst passions showed themselves, and many terrible things happened because of the war, that were not of the war. The home guards were good to harass a luke-warm patriot when the regular soldiers were at a distance, but at the first sign of hostilities they crawled into the woods, and came in home at nights for something to eat. They belonged to the south because they said they did, not because they aided any particular cause.

On the side of the Union were those bands which necessarily arose when the police regulations of the States amounted to nothing. They were those who shunned regular service, and went in gangs, armed, and under the polite name of independent companies, but who never having been mustered in, could not after the war claim anything in the bountiful distribution of pension money. The regular armies found them in every locality. They moved in the border lands and did effective duty as scouts. In the absence of either army they kept up their quarrels with the home guards. A man was marked for death, and it was accomplished by lying in ambush and shooting him before he knew an enemy was near. They helped many a man to the kind of death mentioned in the following lines:

"With noiseless tread death comes on man,
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From amidst busy life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand it severs him;
And ready, or not ready, no delay,
Forth to his judges bar he must away."

Scouts, refugees and adventurers formed these companies, and there were deadly feuds between them and the home guards. They were on the order of desperate guerillas, young, active, adventurous.

The home guards were soldiers in a very mild and harmless form. They, too, were accused of "bushwhacking," but such violence was not often to be attributed to the home guards. The rebel bushwhacker was a criminal who killed by himself for the love of killing and plunder. The "swamp-dragons" as the independent companies were called, went in organized bands and had hiding places carefully concealed and guarded, until the presence of the army made them bold and they were sent about through the country as scouts to obtain whatever information might be useful to the commanding officers.

The events of that day in 1862, in which the carefully laid plans of the two cotton planters to get to Canada were frustrated became known after the war.

Lige Jacobs was the captain, or rather head-man, of the desperadoes, who had seized the opportunity of the war to act as they pleased with other people's lives and property. He was watching for signs of any advance on the part of a large force of Confederates who were camped forty miles south of the Federal forces. One evening he saw an officer in the Confederate uniform ride up to a farm house and dismount. His horse was put in the barn to be fed, and Jacobs got it out shortly after dark and rode it away. He collected a half-dozen of his men and lay near the road all night, in ambush for the young officer. In addition to the dispatches which the young man carried, Lige wanted his life, as he did every one who wore the uniform, and he hated all such enemies with the blind and unreasoning hatred of a savage.

Dawn beginning to show in the east, the men left their place of concealment in some low bush on the roadside, and went on a mile or so where the road wound round the base of a steep rocky mountain. On the top of a cliff the men lay down and waited. Soon after dawn the courier appeared in the distance. He had after a night's delay secured another horse. He came in a long swinging trot.

The morning sun was just tinting the tops of the hills. Jacob's command was that no one should fire but himself. With his long mountain rifle resting in the crevice between two great boulders, he felt the same thrill of excitement the hunter experiences who sees a deer coming for a long distance, straight to the muzzle of his gun. For fifty yards, Jacobs has had the gray coat in his rifle sights. As he comes closer he changes the aim to the head and when only a few yards from him, he gives a slight cough. The courier instantly stops, as does the deer at an unexpected noise, and the rifle in the hands of Lige Jacobs rings out with a sharp report on the morning air. Jacobs, who could "center" a shot at that distance, has found the mark an easy one. The form of a man lies in the road, shot through the temple, and the riderless horse gallops back to its home in an hour; the owner remarks gloomily that Lige Jacobs has been at his work again, but does not investigate.

The group of men rifle the body. They look for the dispatches and find them. Having come prepared the body is carried some distance into the woods and buried, every shred of clothing having been taken. The gang then reach their horses and start to ride into camp, where they will make a report to the Colonel, in their simple, unvarnished way, and the Colonel will think what innocent unsophisticated boys these are. They have made him believe that they are as honest as the day is long. He feels like he ought to tell them that they might help their horses to a feed from some rich farmer's crib, whether they have the money or not, but desists.

As they are speeding swiftly, they meet the young cotton planter riding a mule. They hustle him along with them. In five or six miles they turn up a grassy hollow and arrive at the home of one of the bush-whackers. The horses are fed here and the woman cooks them some fat meat and corn bread. Jacobs had been exercising his ingenuity to give a satisfactory account of how he had got the dispatches without getting the man. He attempted that before, and he had to lie as he had never lied before when the officers at headquarters, who all had a profound conviction that he had bush whacked his man and robbed him at leisure, cross-examined him at great length. He was indisposed to risk such another soul searching experience, even with the guileless old Colonel at camp who though him such a good, honest scout. When he captured the stranger on a mule, he saw a safe way out of the dilemma. He made him put on the clothes of the murdered officer, and carried him triumphantly in as a prisoner of war, and delivered the dispatches.

Harvey came to the home of the Casey's that evening. Doctor Casey had been out hiding the horses. Mrs Casey told him of having seen such a man as he described riding by with some of Lige Jacob's gang. There was no telling what they had done or would do with him. Mrs Casey remembered that Harvey had spent a year or two in that neighborhood, but did not know what had become him. While he was pursuing his inquiries, Weston spent most of his time at the widow Casey's. It was not remarkable that he became an inmate of the family by simply walking up to the house one evening on a matter of business. He was in a country where a man might ride up to stay all night and make it his home for years.

(To be Continued.)

NEW YORK NEWS LETTER.

THE Kentucky and Kearsarge were launched March 24 at Newport News, Va. The Kentucky was christened by Governor Bradley's daughter with a bottle of pure spring water, but before she reached the sea the superstitious sailors and the majority of the 500 Kentuckians present broke hundreds of pint-bottles of prime old Kentucky whiskey over her bows.

***

Lieut. Jenkins' body has been recovered. It will be sent to Key West. This brave fellow could have escaped but he lingered in hope of securing important papers. He did his duty. Will the murder of the 257 brave American sailors and 2 officers ever be avenged?

***

Two Maine hunters were trampled to death by an infuriated moose. Both skulls were fractured and the skin stripped off of their faces. A bull moose is a terrible animal when cornered and fights to the death.

***

A well-known society woman in New York has tired of fashionable life and has started a typewriter office. She has made a success, business increasing to such an extent that four assistants are necessary. Her name is Elizabeth Markoe Marquand, and she is a very wealthy and religious woman. May others follow in her footsteps.

***

Madison Square Garden this afternoon and evening (March 25) will be the scene of the "Journal's" Grand Carnival of Sports, gotten up for the benefit of the Maine Monument fund. Over 3000 have volunteered their services. John L. Sullivan, who fought every body for 12 years hand-running, will speak for three minutes on Spain. Jimmy Michael, the great bicycle rider, will ride a record-breaking race. Bob Fitzsimmons will give an exhibition in bag-punching. Yousouf, the Turk, wrestling champion of Europe, will wrestle with the American wrestler Ernest Roeber. Col W. F. Cody, (Buffalo Bill) will ride. In fact every notable in the sporting line will be on deck to help swell the fund. In the evening Pain, the world-famous fireworks man, will set off set pieces, sky rockets, Roman candles, colored fire, etc., etc., from the roof of the Garden. But he will eclipse anything he has ever done in a pyrotechnic way, at the conclusion of his fireworks display, in the shape of the battleship Maine. The Garden holds thousands and the receipts will be very large. Price of admission for afternoon is 50c. In the evening a trifle higher.

***

A thief, while trying to effect his escape on the house-tops the other day, fell down an air-shaft to the distance of 8 stories on to a stone pavement and was killed instantly. It is needless to say that the policeman who was chasing him did not follow, but came down the usual way by the stairs.

***

John L. Sullivan in his latest speech among other things said: "Spain could not lick a postage stamp." GEORGE M. SANGSTER.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John McLaughlin—Pioneer of Jacksons River.

FOR the past seventy-five or eighty years the McLaughlin name has been a familiar one among our people. For this reason the relationship so long identified with our county history deserves special mention therefor. This relationship may be considered in groups as it is so numerous and widely distributed and derived from a varied tho related ancestry.

John McLaughlin, the ancestor of several Pocahontas families of that name, was a native of Ireland, and settled on Jackson's River, seven or eight miles south of Monterey, and was one of the pioneer settlers of that vicinity previously to the Revolution. The lands he settled were lately in possession of his son, John McLaughlin, Jr.

His family consisted of six sons and five daughters. In reference to these persons the following particulars have been mainly learned from Mrs Morgan Grimes, one of the descendants by the third or fourth remove.

Margaret McLaughlin became Mrs William Carpenter and lived on Deer Creek, near Green Bank.

Nancy McLaughlin was married to John Carpenter and lived on Thomas Creek, near Dunmore, where Peter Carpenter now lives.

Jane McLaughlin became Mrs Alexander Benson, and settled in Illinois.

Mary McLaughlin was married to John Beverage and lived on Straight Creek near Monterey.

Susan McLaughlin became Mrs Kyle Holcomb, and went to West Virginia.

Abigail was married to Thomas Galford and lived near Dunmore on lands lately owned by J. Hervey Curry, Esq.

Major Daniel McLaughlin upon his marriage with Mary Carpenter, settled on Deer Creek, opening lands now held by the Oliver brothers. In reference to his family the following particulars are in hand:

His son, the late David McLaughlin, married Jane Wanless, daughter of William Wanless on Back Alleghany, and settled on lands lately occupied by his sons Joseph and James. [Special mention of this family in the Wanless sketch.]

Abigail became Mrs A. Jackson Moore, on Back Alleghany.

Mary Elizabeth was married to George Sutton and lived near Green Bank.

John M. McLaughlin married Mary Jane Moore, daughter of W. D. Moore on Elk. John was a Confederate soldier, taken prisoner, and died at Camp Chase, Ohio.

Margaret Jane was married to Morgan Grimes, Esq., and lives near Mount Zion in the Hills.

Major Daniel McLaughlin was much respected. He was a very hard working man and almost wore himself out clearing lands. He was a major of the militia and was a fine-looking officer on the parades that came off annually.

Hugh McLaughlin, of John the Irish immigrant, married Sally Grimes, daughter of Arthur, of Felix Grimes the pioneer. He lived near Huntersville on lands now owned by Dr Patterson and J. J. Beard. Mrs Mary Hogsett, J. A. McLaughlin, on Brown's creek, and Lieut James Hickman McLaughlin, a Confederate officer who perished in the war, were his children. He was a popular and prominent citizen.

Samuel McLaughlin, another son of John the early Jackson River settler, married a Miss Wright and lived on Jackson's River. There were two children, Mary Jane who was married to Martin Sharp and lives on little Back Creek, near Mt. Grove. H. P. McLaughlin married Alcinda Bird, daughter of the late George Bird, Esq., Valley Centre, Va. He lives on Brown's Creek, near Huntersville. He was a Confederate soldier. Our readers have seen some of his letters in The Times describing the dangers, privations, and hardships that a true soldier had to endure in the war between the States.

Robert McLaughlin, another son of John the pioneer, died in early manhood. He is reported to have been a young man of much promise.

James McLaughlin settled in Illinois soon after his marriage. His wife's name is not remembered. He was enthused by the gold excitement of 1849 and crossed the plains to California in search of wealth. He was in a measure successful. It may be said too to his credit he was not so very hard to satisfy, and so he returned to his family and settled in Missouri.

John McLaughlin, Jr., married Sally Hamilton and spent his days at the homestead on Jackson's River, Highland County. His children were Ewing, Ada, Sally, and Letcher.

John McLaughlin was widely known for his jovial ways and amusing expressions, and was also somewhat eccentric in his ideas. When about to be overcome by disease and the infirmaties of an advanced age, he pointed out a spot overlooking his dwelling that is well-nigh inaccessible and gave positive orders to have his body buried there. He seemed to abhor the idea of being trampled upon and appeared to feel that his head would be secure from such indignity if he could have his grave in a spot almost impossible to reach, and so steep that erect posture would be impracticable. It was his boast that when he was alive he generally came out "on top," and so he seemed to wish to be on top when not alive.

His friends saw to it that his wishes should be complied with to the very letter. A more unique burial scene never witnessed in that region. The pall-bearers on their knees and holding to the bushes and rocks with one hand and the coffin handles with the other, and the procession following on all fours, compose a scene the like of which may never be witnessed while the world stands. Here an illustration of the ruling passion strong in death.

We close this paper hoping ere long to prepare one or two more in illustrating the McLaughlin relationship. W. T. P.

How Men Regard the Oft-Engaged Girl.—Edward W. Bok writes of the importance of the betrothal with characteristic force and earnestness in the April Ladies' Home Journal. An engagement to marry he considers one of the most serious compacts in life, as sacred as marriage, and only the most extraordinary circumstances would warrant its being broken. Only one other agency—alcohol—is responsible for more broken hearts and wrecked lives than broken betrothals. Mr Bok frankly says that a man looks upon an oft-engaged girl as he does upon a peach with much of the bloom rubbed off.

BALD heads are becoming too frequent among the middle aged. This can be prevented by the timely use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

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Anglo-Saxon Union.

The London Mail, under the caption of "A Voice from the West," prints a poem by Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, which is based on the idea of co-operation between Great Britain and the United States.

"What is the voice I hear
On the wind of the Western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud
To a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, Kinsmen, hail,
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with the wornout tale,
A tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last
And be stronger than death is strong.

"Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan,
Let us speak with each other face to face
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other
As none but free men can.

"Now fling them out to the breeze—
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of [illegible]
And wherever the war winds blows.

"A message to bond and thrall to wake
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are the lords of a strong young land,
And we are lords of the main."

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